

What Fright Can Do

FRIGHT can make our hair stand on end. Each hair is fixed to our scalp by a very tiny "muscle." Why terror should cause these particular muscles to work is thought by scientists to be a survival of an old instinct.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1891, of the Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith), son of the famous Bulwer Lytton. He wrote much poetry, including "Lucille," a novel in verse. He was once Viceroy of India.

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

A Vivid Romance of the Days of King Henry VIII With Its Wealth of Colorful Episodes and a Woman's Devotion to Her Ideal.

This famous story has been created into a superlative photograph by Cosmopolitan Productions, direction of Robert C. Vignola. It will be released as a Paramount picture.

By Charles Major.

MARY remained at home then, but saw Brandon later, and to good purpose, as I believe, although I am not sure about it, even to this day.

I took this letter to Brandon, along with Mary's miniature—the one that had been painted for Charles of Germany, but had never been given—and a curl of her hair, and it looked as if this was all he would ever possess of her.

De Longueville heard of Henry's brutal consent that Mary might see Brandon, and, with a Frenchman's belief in woman's depravity, was exceedingly anxious to keep them apart. To this end he requested that a member of his own retinue be placed near Brandon. To this Henry readily consented, and there was an end to even letter-writing. Opportunities increase in value doubly fast as they drift behind us, and now that the princess could not see Brandon, or even write to him, she regretted with her whole soul that she had not gone to the Tower when she had permission, regardless of what any one would say or think.

Mary was imperious and impatient, by nature, but upon rare and urgent occasions could employ the very smoothest sort of finesse. Her promise to marry Louis of France had been given under the stress of a frantic fear for Brandon, and without the slightest mental reservation, for it was

given to save his life, as she would have given her hands or her eyes, her life or her very soul itself; but now the imminent danger was passed she began to revolve schemes to evade her promise and save Brandon notwithstanding.

Mary Plans.

She knew that under the present arrangement his life depended upon her marriage, but she had never lost faith in her ability to handle the king if she had but a little time in which to operate, and had secretly regretted that she had not, in place of fight, opened up her campaign along the line of feminine diplomacy at the very beginning.

Henry was a dullard mentally, while Mary's mind was keen and alert—two facts of which the girl was perfectly aware—so it was no wonder she had such confidence in herself. When she first heard of Brandon's sentence her fear for him was so great, and the need for action so urgent, that she could not resort to her usual methods for turning matters her way, but eagerly applied the first and quickest remedy offered.

Now, however, that she had a breathing spell, and time in which to operate her more slowly moving, but, as she thought, equally sure forces of cajolery and persuasion, she determined to marshal the legions of her wit and carry war into the enemy's country at once.

Henry's brutal selfishness in forcing upon her the French marriage, together with his cruel condemnation of Brandon, and his vile insinuations against herself, had driven nearly every spark of affection for her brother from her heart. But she felt that she might



King Louis objects to the attention which Francis, the heir to the throne, is bestowing on the Queen (Marion Davies). A scene from the most wonderful of all motion pictures.

feign an affection she did not feel, and that what she so wanted would be cheap at the price.

Cheap? It would be cheap at the cost of her immortal soul. Cheap? What she wanted was life's condensed sweets—the man she loved; and what she wanted to escape was life's distilled bitterness—marriage with a man she loathed. None but a pure woman can know the torture of that. I saw this whole campaign from start to

finish. Mary began with a wide flank movement conducted under mask and batteries and skillfully executed. She sighed over her troubles and cried a great deal, but told the King he had been such a dear, kind brother to her that she would gladly do anything to please him and advance his interests. She said it would be torture to live with that old creature, King Louis, but she would do it willingly to help

her handsome brother, no matter how much she might suffer.

The King laughed and said: "Poor old Louis! What about him? What about his suffering? He thinks he is making such a fine bargain, but the Lord pity him, when he has my little sister in his side for a thorn. He had better employ some energetic soul to prick him with needles and bodkins, for I think there is more power for disturbance in this little

body than in any other equal amount of space in all the universe. You will punish him all the trouble he waits, won't you, sister?"

"I shall try," said the princess demurely, perfectly willing to obey in everything.

It would seem that the tremendous dose of flattery administered by Mary would have been so plainly self-interested as to alarm the dull perception, but Henry's vanity was so dense and his appetite for flattery so great that he accepted it all without suspicion, and it made him quite affable and gracious.

Mary kept up her show of affection and docile obedience for a week or two until she thought Henry's suspicions were allayed, and then, after having done enough petting and fondling, as she thought, to start the earth a-moving—as some men are foolish enough to say it really does—she began the attack direct by putting her arms about the King's neck and piteously begging him not to sacrifice her whole life by sending her to France.

Her pathetic, soul-charged appeal might have softened the heart of Caligula himself; but Henry was not even cruel. He was simply an animal so absorbed in himself that he could not feel for others.

"Oh! it is out at last," he said, with a laugh. "I thought all this sweetness must have been for something. So the lady wants her Brandon, and doesn't want her Louis, yet is willing to obey her dear, kind brother? Well, we'll take her at her word and let her obey. You may as well understand, once and for all, that you are to go to France. You promised to go decently if I would not cut off that fellow's head and now I tell you that if I hear another whimper from you off it comes, and you will go to France, too."

This brought Mary to terms

quickly enough. It touched her one vulnerable spot—her love. "I will go; I promise it again. You shall never hear another word of complaint from me. If you give me your word that no harm shall come to him—to him," and she put her hands over her face to conceal her tears as she softly wept.

"The day you sail for France, Brandon shall go free and shall again have his old post at court. I like the fellow as a good companion, and really believe you are more to blame than he."

"I am all to blame, and am ready this day to pay the penalty. I am at your disposal to go when and where you choose," answered Mary, most pathetically.

Poor, fair Proserpina, with no kind mother Demeter to help her. The ground will soon open, and Pluto will have his bride.

That evening Cavendish took me aside and said his master, Wolsey, wished to speak to me privately at a convenient opportunity. So when the bishop left his card-table, an hour later, I threw myself in his way. He spoke gaily to me, and we walked down the corridor arm in arm.

I could not imagine what was wanted, but presently it came out: "My dear Caskoden"—had I been one of whom he could have had any use, I should have grown suspicious—"My dear Caskoden, I know I can trust you, especially when that which I have to say is for the happiness of your friends. I am sure you will never name me in connection with the suggestion that I am about to make, and will use the thought only as your own."

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Don't Fight Child

RENEW MIND OF YOUR BOY.

By Wm. A. McKeever
Widely Known Lecturer and Author and a National Authority on Juvenile Problems.

PARENTS everywhere are now disposed to engage in a persistent quarrel with their children of the adolescent grade. And this bone of contention is chiefly related to the moral and social conduct of the young generation.

The parent holds to one standard of behavior, usually the "When-I-was-a-boy" standard. The young defendant holds to another. Out of it there gradually develops a habit of resistance and resentment as to all parental advice.

Carefully considered, it proves that the "plaintiff" in this case is really engaged in a contention, not with his fifteen-year-old, but with the young generation of that age. He is attacking their accepted standards of right and wrong in conduct and his methods are destructive and doomed to failure. There is a far better way to handle this troublesome affair, as follows:

First, select some worthy act or deed of the boy's and praise it. It will surprise the youth somewhat, perhaps, to have you commend him. It will also tend to disarm his power of resistance.

Next, show an interest in some social project or purpose of his. Ask him to tell you about it, listen attentively and try to evince real pleasure in his account. If it is a kind of party you have been objecting to, suddenly turn about and help him plan for it. The boy will follow your lead by trying to improve his conduct respecting the affair.

Finally, start at once the practice of talking to your contentious boy in a low, soft tone. I find that quarrels between parents and children are invariably conducted in the loud, high key of debate. This habit tends to increase anger and to destroy reason. You cannot possibly quarrel in low, gentle tones. Lower your voice to the pianissimo and the boy's loud thundering will then also quickly drop to a low key, and the quarrel will be ended. Try this psychological method of ending a quarrel and you will be surprised and delighted at the results.

It is the law of like begets like—anger begets anger, contention begets contention, gentleness begets gentleness, confidence begets confidence, love begets love. The opposition of your quarrelsome boy melts away, resistance wanes, anger dies, ill-will yields—all this bitterness crumbles to naught before the subtle influence of a gentle, affectionate tone of conversation.

Whatever your boy (or your girl) becomes, the elements of it will be found within the recesses of his own nature. All the powers of accomplishment are latent there and waiting to be aroused for action. Not your attack, not your fault-finding, not your loud contention, but your gentle words of confidence will

bring this spiritual energy out of its hiding place and make it spring into beautiful action. "Be ye transformed by the renewal of your minds"—that is the spiritual law to be observed here. By changing your loud contentious voice to the tone of affectionate regard you immediately "renew the mind" of your boy; that is you set his mind at work upon an entirely different train of thought and, without necessarily knowing why or how it happens, the young fellow feels himself strangely applying himself to the task of managing and making over his own character.

Be sure to give this psychological method a test, dear parents.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

Search Your Heart.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Would you advise me to marry a widower, aged forty-five, who has three children—two boys, eleven and twelve years old, and a girl, fifteen? He has no money, but has always supported and is devoted to his children. He is partial to country life.

I am thirty-five, unmarried, and come from a professional family where there was always plenty, and am an only child.

Socially, I feel I am above him, but since going with him I do not notice it so much.

A couple of my friends have advised me against this marriage, but when people are in love they imagine they can overcome all obstacles.

The only excuse I can find for this marriage is love. Is that enough in this case?

I don't think I would hesitate if it were not for leaving my parents, who are seventy-eight and sixty-eight.

It is hard to decide between love and duty. If he had plenty of money, it might even be different.

It seems very hard to think of giving him up. A. M. Y.

REAL love can overcome all obstacles. But be sure you are really in love with this man. If you are, the fact that he has not as much money as you are accustomed to would not stop you. If you truly love him, it would be a pleasure for you to bring up his children. Think these things over carefully. Your heart is your only guide. No one but you can tell if you love him enough to do this.

As for leaving your parents, of course it would be hard, but if real love and a chance for happiness have come to you, I am sure they would want you to take it.

BOBBIE AND HIS PA

By William F. Kirk

THE ladies of our club is studying aster-onomie, sed Ma to Pa last nite.

Fine, sed Pa. I am glad they are getting wise to themselves and realizing that there is lots for them to learn. Pa sed, "O I don't know, sed Ma. There are sum vary brite ladies in our club, sed Ma."

I dare say, sed Pa, beekus that is all I dare say, sed Ma. O, but there really are, sed Ma. I feel almost like a Duntz wen I set thare & heer sum of them go on, sed Ma.

I suppose, sed Pa, you then have the saim feeling of Aw & Aderrmirashun which you have wen you heer me talk on different theams, sed Pa.

Ha, ha, sed Ma, that is cute. Fancey me having a feeling of Aw wen you talk. I often feel like saying Aw be still, sed Ma, but that is all the Aw I feel wen you are speaking, dearest, sed Ma.

Is that so? sed Pa. That is even so, sed Ma. Really, sed Ma, you have no idee how wimmen folks has aderrmirashun in the art of Thinking, sed Ma. The average man wud stand dumb in the presens of them ladies, sed Ma.

The average man has to stand dumb in the presens of any & all ladies, sed Pa. He dont want to inter-rup them, the littel deers, sed Pa.

Wen I grow up I will not let my wife belong to a wimmens club, I sed.

Then Ma gaw me the laff. Wen you grow up, Bobbie, sed Ma, you will be much smarter & better inter-formed than what you are now, Ma sed, & you will then realize that wimmen is really moar keen than what men are, sed Ma.

Top, sed Pa, but moast of them remarks pass thare own sweet lips, sed Pa. & then Pa lit his pipe & began to smook big puffs.

Household Hints

Chamois leather should be washed in warm water in which a pinch of baking soda has been dissolved. The chamois is not only cleansed, but its softness, which often is lost in the process of washing, is retained.

Clean hair-brushes are necessary if you want to keep your hair in good condition, but frequent washing makes the bristles soft unless, each time after washing, you lay the bristles for a minute in a strong solution of alum.

When the polish on furniture has a dull, sticky appearance, wash it with warm water to which vinegar has been added to the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint. Dry well, and then leave for a few days before using any polish. When the furniture cream is applied as an improved appearance results.

The Stranger

By John Goodman

A STORY OF MYSTERY, LURE AND INTRIGUE

"I AGREE, I will pay. But," she said, "if ever the bargain fails, be sure of one thing. I will use the Knyath fortune to the last shilling—though it leaves me a beggar—to insure the punishment of those who have betrayed my father."

There was such a strange flash in Joan's eyes, such a threat in her quiet voice, that the man looked away from her. It must be in Bank of England notes.

"I will have it ready on Saturday. Send the message to Knyath."

Mr. Smith shook his head. "Knyath is out of the question. The money must be paid in London."

"I leave London in the morning, and am not returning," answered Joan curtly. "It must be at Knyath, or nowhere."

"I repeat, my lady, that a meeting at Knyath cannot be agreed to."

The workings of the human mind are strange. Joan's overstrained nerves gave way. This insistence against Knyath, more than anything that had gone before, made her revolt violently.

"Then leave the house—go," she exclaimed fiercely. "I withdraw my offer. At the best, I believe I was committing an act of folly. Already you are showing me that you consider me in your power. You may do your worst."

Mr. Smith looked disappointed. He hesitated.

"Well, well, perhaps there is no such great objection to Knyath," he said mildly, "except the distance. We must honor you, my lady, since you insist. I did not mean to dictate. Listen, then, at eight on Saturday evening the messenger will reach Knyath in a car. Please see him privately, receive the papers, pay the money, and your trouble will be over. You can set your mind at rest, once and for all."

"So be it then," said Joan unsteadily, "and now leave me, for I can endure no more of this. Mr. Smith bowed and took his leave. When he had gone Joan sat alone in the library, staring silently before her, a haunting fear in her eyes.

"The shadow deepens," she murmured. "I think that happiness is not for me. Who can foresee the end?"

CHAPTER XXXVIII
Facing the Music.

"What has happened to Lady Talbot? One would hardly recognize her for the same girl she was a fortnight ago."

The guest addressed, a young man, leaning against the wall of the ballroom, put up an eyeglass and surveyed his hostess.

"It's a reaction, after springing from a life of obscurity to the top of the ladder," he opined, with an assurance of youth. "Wonderful she looks tonight! doesn't she? Like a lambent flame. You seldom see beauty as vivid as that."

Were you at Knyath last week?"

"I wouldn't have missed it. She startled us all. There's a touch of the devil in her. And I think I perceive it again now."

"A touch of the devil is a very attractive thing, in a pretty woman," remarked the other. "Perhaps," he added acidly, "it's the excitement of her luck in being engaged to Mottiford."

"I should have thought Mottiford had the most cause for excitement, after a catch like that. But whoever saw the fellow excited?"

A very self-contained beggar; he always annoys me. Wonder why he isn't here tonight?"

Number 300 Grosvenor square was thronged with such a gathering as none of Joan's functions had yet produced. Lady Dulnace's reception was wholly eclipsed. The best band in London was lifting a one-step that made the very heart dance, and Joan was swinging through the maze on Ravelin's arm.

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes brilliant; she was laughing gaily. There was a hint of abandon and defiance about Joan that was strangely fascinating.

An hour before she had felt the ball was impossible—that she could neither attend, nor go through with it. That mood had given way to a mad recklessness, a determination to go forward, come what might. Nothing in life seemed to matter much now. No one of those hundreds who thronged the house guessed for a moment what was in the heart of their hostess.

The ball started with a swing and a brilliant gleam. It was as though the magnetism of Joan's personality pervaded the whole assembly. Presently she left her partner, and met Lady Dulnace, who looked at her with some apprehension.

"Are you well, Joan, dear?" she said.

"Do I look well?"

"You look electric—almost feverish. What's the matter with you? Don't overdo it, Joan; the night's young. You should save yourself."

"Save myself? For what?" laughed Joan. "Let us seize the hour while we may."

She returned to the ballroom. And then came Philip, cool and unruffled as ever, seeking out his fiancée straightway, as though no one else existed for him. Never did he receive a gladder welcome. They joined the dance sat once, at Joan's command, and Philip quickly became aware of the girl's nervous exaltation, for he was sensitive to every mood and change in Joan. He wished to sit out with her, but it was some time before she would consent to leave the lighted rooms and the lilting band. Presently, none the less, he brought her to a little shaded recess near far from the ballroom. As soon as they were alone, Philip looked searchingly into her eyes, and kissed her with infinite tenderness.

"Darling, how sweet you are tonight. And how amazingly you have set all these swarming people going, and scored your first success, your first success. I can see how pleased you are."

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(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

THANKSGIVING TURKEY

By Loreto C. Lynch

BEFORE sliding upon a Thanksgiving turkey decide the feast. If there are fifteen or twenty, as is often the case with a family reunion, it is better to purchase two smaller turkeys rather than one large turkey. Purchasing two turkeys gives four legs as well as double breast meat for the same money expended.

Have the butcher remove the tendons from the drumsticks, even if you do not have it cleaned at the shop. Only a careful, painstaking market man takes the trouble to remove the lungs and the bean-shaped kidneys, which lie in the mail of the back. Use a strawberry-huller to remove pin feathers. Pour a tablespoon of alcohol into tin dish and turn the bird constantly, holding it by the head and feet so that the flame may touch every part.

A soft breadcrumb stuffing is always popular, and an equal bulk of oysters may be added to it if desired. However, is a tasty bread stuffing: From the center of day-old bread take enough crumbs to make two cups. To this add one-half cup melted butter, one-fourth level teaspoon salt, one-fourth level teaspoon pepper and one teaspoon of powdered poultry seasoning. Mix thoroughly and stir in a beaten egg at the end.

For a ten-pound turkey, if you do not have an equal quantity of oysters, double the ingredients in the stuffing given above.

Reapers have frequently asked "How can you tell how long to roast a turkey?"

The answer is—roast a ten-pound turkey for three hours. Other heavier turkeys proportionately.

It is well to put slices of salt pork over the turkey before it is put into the oven. As the pork melts use it to dip over or baste the bird. It is better in basting a turkey to use no water whatever.

If you have tired of the ordinary poultry dressing try this special old English stuffing: Chop together the liver of the turkey anyone onion. Stir over the fire, build not brown. Then mix the ingredients into one pound of sausage meat. Add about twenty-four whole chestnuts. The nuts should be shelled, blanched and soaked until tender in boiling salted water. This is a delicious stuffing.

Do You Know—

Only queen bees and workers have the power to sting. The drones cannot sting. The stinger is curved and carried sheathed. After the point enters there is a saw of poison. It is believed that a bee cannot sting a second time because, owing to backward pointing barbs, the stinger is left in the wound. Thus the bee dies as a result of its vengeance.

THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaelis

Realistic Tales.

WHEN I pick up a book that was written this year, I know I am headed for sorrow, for I enter a region that's barren of cheer, where there's never a hope for the morrow. There is nothing of laughter or music or song, for the writers don't call these dramatic, so their heroes and heroines struggle along and dine upon crusts in an attic. Or if wealthy by chance, there's some deadly disease that is gnawing away at their vitals, and I know I shall hear of such pleasures as these when I look at the best sellers' titles. As I'm reading along, page six-hundred-and-eight, with my gas mask securely adjusted, I learn of the romance that ripened too late, of the smashing of hearts that had trusted. When I read of the child with a blight on its name, of the lady whose past is quite mystic, then I'm certain the author is destined for fame in the field people call realistic. Though I can't see just why, for a tulip as real as a toadstool and pleasanter growing; but a lot of folks stoutly insist there's no thrill where the sweet winds of heaven are blowing. So they hasten down cellar into a dark den with some opium thrown in for good measure, and they write of the place with a poisonous pen and declare the result is a treasure. Oh, the sunlight's as real as the shade it runs out, but the realists do not explore it; and a deacon's as real as a drunkard, no doubt, yet the realists choose to ignore it. If they really intend to paint things as they are, why not sandwich in bits of optimism? If they'd let up on coal holes and show us a star, we might still call their work realistic.

Sparkling, clean teeth lose much of their charm if the lips which frame them are cracked instead of being soft and smooth. Use the following tips to prevent your lips from cracking and chapping when they are exposed to the wind: Vaseline, sterilized, 50 grammes. Borate of soda, 25 grammes. Essence of bergamot, 25 drops.

If your lips are especially inclined to dryness you are probably bothered with this chapping condition whenever they are exposed to the wind, even in mild summer wind. It is well to carry this soothing lip salve in a tiny pill box.

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To Be Beautiful

THE VALUE OF A RADIANT SMILE.

By Lucrezia Bori,
Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company and Noted for Beauty as Well as Her Art.

It is not only the birthright but the duty of every woman to pride herself on her beauty. It is only natural, then, that you should leave no stone unturned in your efforts to make each feature as perfect as possible.

Well-directed efforts will nat-

urally be applied first of all to those features which imperatively demand attention, such as your hair, your complexion and your teeth. These must reflect the best of care before you can lay claim to being well-groomed. After these points, come others of less importance whereby you may aid your beauty in subtle ways.

Today we will consider a beauty feature of major importance—your teeth. Do you take proper pride in them? If you already have beautiful teeth, you doubtless know what a priceless gift they are and do everything in your power to care for them in the proper way to preserve their beauty. If you are not vered in beauty measures for the teeth, ask yourself this question:

"Are my teeth as well cared for and as beautiful as I can make them?"

You should go to your dentist at least once a year to have your teeth cleaned and examined. For some persons who have soft teeth or teeth which need much attention, it may be necessary to go oftener. But if you are under the care of your dentist he will keep a watchful eye on the condition of your teeth, and if he thinks it necessary for you to come back oftener for examination he will let you know.

You should wash your teeth twice a day without fail, morning and evening, and if you possibly can, after luncheon. If you cannot wash them after meals, rinsing your mouth thoroughly in plain water is very helpful.

Occasionally, instead of your favorite tooth paste or powder, give your mouth a thorough scrubbing with a solution of salt water. This is an excellent treatment, and should do much to purify your mouth and prevent the growth of germs.

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